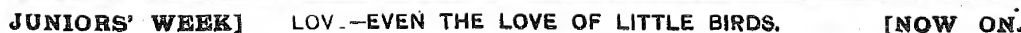


Vol. III. No. 42. [WILLIAM BOOTH, General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.] APRIL 9, 1898. [EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner.] Price 5 Cents.
Published at Toronto, from the Territorial Headquarters for Canada, North-West America, Newfoundland and the Bermudæ.



TH,
to Major

The Adjutant's experience, and already she is officer, secretary and clean Cry, Headquarters present is successfully station corns.

IE SMITH.—Ensign at A. D. C. to thorough Salvation-A. In 1892 and was years ago at Cannell only 13 years of 1887 the Ensign found dry Fort where he ning experience, and ere experienced. After illages he was made h capacity he served which he was prone corps as Cap asked to come to landed nearly five charge of three com- years and in 1894 D. C. to the Major, promoted to the rank gn is a great music- concertina, banjo, thing comes amiss got from the same, ly 36 years' fighting r, the Ensign is still

ILPH. — Mrs. Ulph May, 1907, with her , who was a promise to be in the bloom seven weeks after rs. Ulph a widow. and, previous to his corps as officers and hit career in Jamaica. willed it otherwise. ned to England.

Printed and Published by John
A. [unclear] Printing House,
Toronto.

MY JOURNAL.

BY THE GENERAL.

February 25th, 11 p.m. ADE "Good-bye" to beautiful Los Angeles, properly named as far as its situation, soft and sunny climate-for might it not become a "City of Angels"? Anyway, its people treated me very kindly, and I left them with regret.

Our train was three hours late, but a sleeping car was set aside by the kindness of the railway authorities to deposit myself, and although the thumpings and shriekings of a railway depot at night are not very friendly to slumber, it was my happy lot to speedily fall into the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorator, balmy sleep."

Saturday, 26th. Saturday, 26th. A large theatre was the scene of the operations for the day. It was packed, a heavy down-pour of rain doubtless keeping a good many strangers away, but there was a fine force of soldiers in full uniform. God helped me to talk on the possibilities of faith. Coming out was no small matter that day for the penitents in one way or another had to climb the steps and reach the Mercy Seat, and that in full sight of the gazing crowd above and below. However, that morning I manifested their earnestness by courageously feeling the ordeal, some of them broken-hearted backsliders.

Afternoon, 3:00. The theatre was packed, and hundreds turned away from the doors. The message was linked to with death-like silence, every sentence seemed to force its way into the hearts of the hearers. It seemed as though the very heart-throbs of that multitude that answered back to the appeals of the Spirit of God for instantaneous and unconditional submission could be heard. The house that followed as the voice of the speaker seemed was all but painful, and then the response came, and first one and then another decided the matter and evidenced it by coming forward. Thirty-eight yielded—one of whom, a lady, was wheeled on to the stage in a Bath Chair. It was certainly one of the most effective afternoon meetings of my experience in any part of the world.

Night, 7:30. Many of our morning and afternoon friends had gone to their homes and to their own meetings. We had, however, a full house of comparatively new people. The meeting was not as flowing over with life and energy as those that preceded it. Perhaps the reason lay in me. The subject was "Death, and the needed preparation." My heart was heavy. With the responsibility of the hour, however, God was there, and two responded to the call to arise and wash away their sins in the River of Life. That was 73 for the day. Oh, I shall never forget that visit to Oakland!

Monday, 28th. Now for San Francisco! The city which in my early days was never mentioned without calling up visions of gold seekers and gold finders. In company with my unflinching and intensely sympathetic helpers in this campaign, Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker, we made early for that fair sphere. Surely I can say with the Apostle, "Here I have no continuing city"—I am ever on the wing.

9:45. We had only a short railway ride, the train running mostly through the streets and highroads of Oakland, and then we entered one of those mammoth Ferry Steamers that run between the shores. I suppose the one we crossed in would contain at a push 1,000, or perhaps 1,500 people. Although not a bright day

there was sufficient sunshine to give the red soil of the two islands that stand out like giant sentinels on either side of the entrance, the imposing title of "The Golden Gate." As we steamed past I could not help looking with interest towards the harbor outside which the vast Pacific Ocean rolls her lordly waters along the shores of this continent and around the most romantically beautiful islands of the world.

Three hours after we crossed the bay, two girls—one 22 and the other 24—attempted suicide by jumping from the deck of the same steamer.

10:30. Another theatre, holding them any 2,000 more than the one in Oakland. The congregation was good for a week-day morning, the theatre being more than half full. They said that there were at least 100 ministers present, and deputations from 50 Good Endeavor Societies, together with 200 officers and a crowd of soldiers. We had a powerful time. Deliverance from sin was, as is mostly the case, my theme—for, as the Italian used to say, "All roads lead to Rome," so all my tests and topics led to Salvation from sin through the Blood of the Lamb. We finished well with 17 to the front.

8:00. More people, 300 more would have filled the place. My topic was "The reasons for defeat among God's Israel to-day," illustrated by Achan. There was a real deal of heart-searching, and 19 came out.

Evening. We were full to the ceiling, and it seemed a long way up there, looked at from the stage. Many were shut out, some of whom had travelled long distances, and one man was not able to get inside who had come for that purpose 250 miles.

That was one of the most solemn nights of my life. "The Great White Throne," was my theme. In spirit I am sure I stood before it myself, and I think many if not the whole of my hearers were in imagination carried towards that "day of days." The after meeting was extraordinarily solemn. While every voice was hushed, and every heart was full of awe and wonder, an intelligent-looking young man volunteered right away from the back of the pit, and came boldly forward. He was followed at intervals by 20 more.

Tuesday, March 1st. The advance of the war was the subject. A number of prominent citizens were with us on the platform, the Hon. Horace Davis, a city gentleman, eminent in the business and philanthropic world, presiding. The Commander and comrades who have accompanied me so far on this campaign, say it was the most effective campaign yet, indeed, they assert that it cannot be surpassed. Anyway, I believe that God was there. The expressing of loyalty, love, and devotion on the part of officers, soldiers and friends, to which it closed, coupled with an enthusiastic invitation to come back again as soon as possible was very affecting, and touched my heart deeply, voiced as it was by my precious daughter, the Consul, and endorsed by the crowd in every part of the building.

Wednesday, March 2nd. 10:00. Officers' meeting. 3:00. Officers' meeting. 8:00. Officers and soldiers. There were 200 present—a few ex-soldiers amongst the rest. In front of me there was one of the most interesting groups of Salvationists I ever talked to, namely, some dozen Chinese soldiers. We have in San Francisco a Chinese corps numbering 40 soldiers and 16 recruits. They were formerly amongst the biggest scoundrels in the city—murderers, thieves, opium smokers, morphine eaters, and the like. Properly saved through grace, they kept faithful by the power of God. The corps maintains its officers and pays all working expenses. What a promise for our future operations in China!

I tried to speak as for eternity. Many soldiers sought a clean heart, and not a few backsliders—some of them were ex-officers—came back to God. The meeting was finished up somewhere about 11 o'clock in a whirlwind of thanksgiving and delight. Total at the Mercy Seat, 74.

Thursday, March 3rd. 10:30. Officers' closing meeting of the San Francisco campaign. I have held many gatherings of officers in different parts of the Salvation Army world, but for anxiety to learn, willingness to obey and loving fealty to the General, and all that the General represents, I have never found this Californian officers' gathering surpassed. I think our fruits will be seen and partaken of after many days. We were nature's child pleased with each other. I am nature's child captured me, and if words, and looks, and songs, and pledges are to be relied

upon, we are as it was said with a burst of enthusiasm at the close of the gathering, one for now and evermore. God bless the Californian officers of the ever-lasting Salvation Army!

Tuesday, March 3rd. While packing up for our departure a little paper was brought in which interested me not a little. It appears that about an hour's ride from this city there is an immense prison containing ordinarily some 1,200 inmates. In this prison we have had for some time a corps composed of the prisoners themselves, who had been saved within the walls, the Sergt.-Major being a life-service man. During the recent troubles, although the controversy was carried right inside the jail, these fellows stood firm by the Blood-and-Fire Flag, and when they heard of my proposed tour, they desired greatly that I should visit them. I wished to do so myself. But it was found impossible. And so here they send me the following modest address, neatly, and yet cleverly written and illuminated by this life-service Sergt.-Major himself:—

GREETING:
To General William Booth.
Dear General.

We, the undersigned, herewith tender to you our love and good wishes. As Providence does not permit us to be personally with you in your campaign, nevertheless we shall be with you in spirit and prayer. We are, my General, and yet everlastingly written and illuminated by this life-service Sergt.-Major himself:—

The Members of the San Quentin Salvation Army Corp.
Adolph Braun, 16367.

Night, 8 o'clock. Left San Francisco in a rush. John Wesley is reported to have said that he was always in haste, but never in a hurry. That is, I think, characteristic of this campaign, if not of all my doings all the time. Not only every hour, but every minute seems to be brim full of accompanying duty. There is not a moment to waste. I think that I have seldom labored in a city with much greater satisfaction, and I am sure that I have never left with much greater reluctance. From the first welcome by the Mayor of Oakland, to almost the last handshake with the Bishop of California, friends, strangers, and comrades have combined to express their respect for the Army, and their good wishes for its success. My dear people said "farewell" at the depot in a long continued storm of halloos, the waving of handkerchiefs, and crashing of musical instruments, and then we were away from them, perhaps for ever, as far as this life is concerned. But we shall be able to come together again in the next. It must be so. But now for our 36-hours' railway ride.

Friday, March 4th. Still thundering along, through lovely valleys. Now ascending, and then descending the mountains, then passing by rude and rugged rocks, and now through some of the most beautiful and picturesque scenery on the earth.

5 p.m. Ashland is announced—a small township on the side of the mountain, with half an hour for refreshments. A few soldiers and a large crowd has assembled, consisting, I suppose, of the major portion of the adult population of the charming place. Talked to them for twenty minutes, pushing them up to seek salvation and live for heaven, the good of their fellows, and the glory of God.

I heard afterwards that the Sergeant-Major of Ashland corps, who stood before me, heard me in Missoula on my first visit to the States twelve years ago, got converted a fortnight afterwards, and there he is in full uniform, doing good service to the Army to-day. On board the train with us is a soldier converted at, and for a time belonging to the Clapton Congress Hall, but now resident in the States. He travelled 520 miles to attend the San Francisco meetings, and he is now going 700 or 800 miles with us to Portland. There can be no question about his interest in the Army or in the General. I hope he will get a blessing that will send him fighting for God at the close of his journey through life.

7 p.m. Another way-side meeting. It was only a three minute stop, but the conductor held the train for me to speak. The platform was packed with people, and a bank opposite. There was a great shouting and whistling, and shouting among the crowd before I made my appearance, and then all was hushed into perfect silence while I had a word with them about their souls.

Saturday, March 4th. A long night, but not a very restful one: the rocking and bumping of the train was something dreadful. Had hardly got dressed in the morning before Colonel Lawley came in brandishing a telegram

just received from San Francisco, describing the night's meetings after we left. "All halls full, twenty souls." Hal-lough! This pleased me immensely. 8:30 a.m. Portland. Affectionate welcome from officers and soldiers, and a good many strangers. Said a word or two, and then drove off to my billet at Dr. Hill's house. Dr. Hill is a leading Presbyterian minister.

10:30 a.m. Officers' meeting. Had a good, straight talk with 70 officers of as good, loyal, and devoted a spirit as are to be found within the four corners of the Army.

Night. Soldiers' meeting. A lively waking-up, and sanctifying time.

Diamond Dust

IF YOU SIN AGAINST GOD'S LAWS, YOU WILL SOON EXPERIENCE GOD'S LAWS AGAINST SIN.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD WILL COME WHEN CHRISTIAN NATIONS BECOME NATIONS OF CHRISTIANS.

THE BEST REFORMERS THE WORLD HAS EVER HAD ARE THOSE WHO HAVE COMMENCED WITH THEMSELVES.

SEEK THE HOLY SPIRIT IN THE MORNING, AND YOU WILL NOT NEED ANOTHER SORT OF SPIRIT IN THE EVENING.

LATE AT THE BILLIARD-TABLE ON SATURDAY NIGHT IS NOT A HELPFUL PREPARATION FOR THE LORD'S TABLE ON SUNDAY MORNING.

SHOW A SINNER THAT YOU ARE CONCERNED ABOUT HIM, AND THEN HE WILL GET CONCERNED ABOUT HIMSELF.

WHEN THE WEEK-NIGHT PRAYER MEETING IS ALL RIGHT, THE SUNDAY SERVICES WILL NOT BE ALL WRONG.

IT IS A FEARFUL THING TO FALL INTO THE HANDS OF A LIVING GOD, BUT IT IS A BLESSED THING TO PUT YOURSELF THERE.

EVERY MAN SHOULD BE SAINTLY, AND EVERY SAINT SHOULD BE MANLY.

THE NOBLEST PASSION IS COM-PASSION.



DAN SUTHERLAND, CALGARY.

Our comrade is a well-known character in and about the vicinity of Calgary. He has achieved considerable notoriety by reason of the number of times he has sought the pardon of his sins, and "rolling right." His attempts numbered over one hundred previous to the last. Some twelve months have passed since Dan sought every evidence of having at last been soundly converted to God. His ability with the instrument he holds in his hand has earned for him the name of "Triangle Dan."

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THE TERRITORIAL FINALE

— TO —

THE GENERAL'S TOUR.

The West Sustains its Reputation for Stupendous Achievement.

A LOCAL OFFICER'S VALOROUS EXPLOIT AT GRAND FORKS-WINNIPEG WINDS UP WITH A NOR'-WESTER OF ENTHUSIASM.



IMAGINE yourself on the water, on board an Atlantic liner, ploughing the sea at the rate of miles an hour, but instead of the dark green ocean all around, a complete, plain-like covering of white, and you have at once the picture—substituting the train for the steamer—of the North-Western prairie in snow. It is a desert of whiteness, occasionally relieved by a wayside log hut, a drove of cattle, in the distance, or a lone, as seen from the car, or a lonely belated sledge-driver making for some out-of-sight farm. It is a region of cold, where neither blanket nor fur offer the necessary resisting power.

We Tumbled Right into a Blizzard
In this lonely track 300 miles West of Grand Forks, our train was delayed ten hours in consequence and we thus missed the Minneapolis mail train going North to Winnipeg, at the aforesaid place where we had to remain over night.
I have described a blizzard before. This one was somewhat different, however, for it kept us locked in the embraces of a snow-drift pass. Fortunately no other accident otherwise marred the journey, excepting that one of the party, peepooping the warning of the brakeman, essayed to examine the snow-plough, got buried for two minutes in a snow drift. These snow drifts resemble sin—very alluring, inviting, and

Apparently Free from Danger Until You Walk into Them.

and then—down you go. The Secretary will remember that snow drift.
After the snow drift, a freight train was reported in a fix. We had to reverse our engine, and the engine had to sail West by itself to bring up another plough and a relieving party—involving a delay of another three hours. They are brave, hardy boys, these prairie crews—faced like flint, hands like iron, and physiques like granite walls. Talking with one, he said that he had not been inside a church for seven years.

A Lesson to D. C. and F. C.
But we got to Grand Forks. An interesting little city of Grand Forks. Population 12,000, located on the North side of the Red River, practically only ten years old.

A Lesson to D. C. and F. C.
At 10:00 a.m. we got a wire on the cars, signed by Dr. J. R. Church, to the following effect:
"General Booth—You cannot get to Winnipeg to-night. May I arrange meeting here?"

At 11:30 we replied:
"Dr. Church—Have not yet abandoned hope of catching connection for Winnipeg. If impossible, however, will gladly do a meeting. Rush all necessary arrangements—General."

We hadn't the slightest idea when we despatched that message who Dr. Church was. We only knew that there was neither F. C., D. C., nor F. C. on the ground. They were all at Winnipeg.

The train reached Grand Forks at 4 p.m. There was a crowd, but only one man in it that attracted notice. He was powerfully built, looking 50, though actually over 60. A bronzed, hard broad face till he spoke or smiled and then his eyes and speech made the face a vivid picture of energy, ecstasy, ability, tact. He was Dr. Church. He was the Treasurer of the corps.

Listen to him: "Welcome to Grand Forks, General. Delighted. Sorry for Winnipeg, but the Lord is in it. It's all right. Here, John, take the General to the hotel. Bill, throw the valises into the rig. Harry, take the Secretaries to the quarters—the General and Commissioner go to my house. That's right, I guess we're about straight for to-night. I've got the biggest church in the place for the meeting. You will have to speak on the Army, General. Rev. Clifford will be chairman. Do the people know?"



COMMISSIONER NICOL AND COLONEL LAWLEY MAKE MERRY OVER THE UNPARALLELED VICTORIES OF THE GENERAL'S CAMPAIGN IN OURS TERRITORY.

Everybody knows. I got it into the evening papers. The boys have been round the city with doggers. I got it announced in all the schools—children are the cheapest and best advertisers in the world. Don't fear. We have no charges. We will pack the building."

"Who is Dr. Church?" asked the General, smiling with delight at his local officer, who in the hour of difficulty jumped so successfully into the breach.

The General is soon provided with an answer—Church is a Veterinary Surgeon. was born among the Thousand Islands, Canada, his mother was Scotch, father English, father was a Vet. and brought up his boy to the same profession. The boy at 15 was almost converted, but refused to obey God in all things and in business, married, made money, drank it, for ten years consumed a dollar in whiskey and a dollar in cigars daily. fought, raced, gambled. Three years ago he entered the Army barracks. Captain said something which reminded him of his mother, was

convicted of sin, same night God delivered him, three weeks after threw his cigars away, been Salvationist ever since. Best known man in and around Grand Forks, model treasurer, a lesson in this particular exists to any doubting Thomas of a D. C., or F. C., that the local officer idea requires checkmating. Give them fair play inside regulation and they will set the prairie on fire.

A Sumptuous Meal.

The Doctor overdid it, but the overflowing generosity of his heart led him astray. We forgive him—only he must not do it again. The spread was bewildering. The Secretaries, who are in danger of treating chicken, in all shapes and sizes, as a necessity of existence were amazed. For supper I observed: Oyster soup, cold meat, cold ham, vegetables ad lib oranges, apples, bananas, tea, coffee, cream, etc., etc. But all alike were moderate. In fact, we belong to the "moderate party."

The Grand Forks corps is in a credit-

able condition and affords a fine illustration of the successful working of one of the principles which has given the United States such a unique and commanding position in the nations of the world. I call it the doctrine of assimilation. If the body assimilates food well, and is not overladen, it becomes healthy and vigorous. In North Dakota you have the assimilation, under one flag, of a variety of races—Swedes, Norwegians, Germans and Russians—with the result that you have growing up here evidently a fine race. I was told that

The Son of a Bohemian

took our baggage to the bogey, a Norwegian drove the General to his hotel, a Swede took charge of the Secretaries, an Englishman led one of the party to a hairdresser, and a Scotchman—the illustration would not be perfect without—looked after "the barbees." And, just as under the American Constitution representatives of all nations are welcome to share its privileges, laws, and protection, so under our Salvation umbrella all peoples are learning to love each other and live for each other in the spirit of the Son of Man.

Grand Forks is an International corps, has the International spirit, and is yet true to itself and true to the State and country under which it fights.

An Obliging Chairman.

The Rev. Clifford, Pastor of the M. E. Church, kindly placed at the General's disposal, was the General's chairman. He was the cream of kindness, and said, "Here is the church, do with it what you like, make yourself at home. Have you all bullets? If not, go to the hotel at my expense. General Booth is, I reckon, the world's preacher. He deserves to have the best that Grand Forks can place at his disposal."

Though he had two marriage ceremonies to perform between 7:30 and 8 p.m., the Rev. gentleman was at the church "on time," and placed in the War Cry Correspondent's hand a few figures in support of his (the Rev. Clifford's) contention that prohibition was a benefit to the State. North Dakota, it seems, is under the prohibition debt. He argues that although Ohio is considered one of the richest States in the Union, North Dakota, under prohibition, shows, proportionately, a much better state of property—a prosperity attributable to prohibition. The contrast is certainly suggestive. Here are the figures which Mr. Clifford gave us: Ohio—Total value of wheat, corn and oats per family, \$78. North Dakota—Do. do. \$48. Ohio—Total value of horses, cows, sheep, oxen and hogs per family, \$100. North Dakota—Do. do. \$45. Ohio—Total amount of beer consumed per family per annum, four barrels. North Dakota—Do. do. one-seventh of a barrel. In Ohio they have one school teacher for every 25 families. In North Dakota one teacher for every 12 families. Moral: No drink spells prosperity. There is a lot in it.

A Fine Meeting.

The church was crowded to the door. Splendid audience. Preliminaries were short. The General was A. I. He had a great time. People delighted with his happy, humorous, trenchant style. One man describing to another at the depot next morning, the meeting, said, "Oh, he is quite different to what I expected. The General compels you to stop. I could have listened to him till now. He hasn't to hunt for an hour for a word. The finish was rich in feeling and Divine power. The General having completely won the confidence and interest of the crowd, charged their hearts, and God spoke forcefully through him."

Naturally the Field Commissioner was in a state of semi-rapture all the time. Her heart was yearning to comfort her disappointed officers and soldiers at Winnipeg—still Grand Forks was a consolation.

Next a.m. the General left on time for Winnipeg. The day was delightful.

received from San Francisco, describing the night's meetings after we "All halls full, twenty souls," Hal! That pleased me immensely. a.m. Portland. Affectionate welcome from officers and soldiers, and a many strangers. Said a word or two, and then drove off to my hotel at 11:30. Dr. Hill is a leading, byerian minister.

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KLONDYKE SUNDAY

THE NEED IS URGENT.

WILL YOU HELP? APRIL 17TH.

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

KLONDYKE SUNDAY.

NOTICE TO ALL PROVINCIAL, DISTRICT AND FIELD OFFICERS.

IN view of the urgent need for finances to fit out the Klondyke Expedition, the Field Commissioner has decided to set apart APRIL 17th as

KLONDYKE SUNDAY,

in which this need will be brought before our congregations and the public generally throughout the Territory, and special collections taken on behalf of the Expedition.

(Signed)

J. E. MARGETTS,
Territorial Secretary.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS.

ENSIGN PATTERSON, of Vancouver Shelter, to be Adjutant.

ENSIGN BARR, New Whatecom District, to be Adjutant.

ENSIGN MILNER, of Nelson, to be Adjutant.

ENSIGN WOODRUFF, of Butte, to be Adjutant.

ENSIGN WALTON, of Spokane, to be Adjutant.

CAPTAIN WOOLAM, of Spokane Rescue Home, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN STAIGERS, of Spokane Shelter, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN STANBURY, of Billings, to be Ensign.

CAPTAIN MAY, of Missoula, to be Ensign.

LEUTENANT PRENTICE, of Pacific Province, to be Captain.

LEUTENANT HAAS, of Wallace, to be Captain.

LEUTENANT MILLER, of Mt. Vernon, to be Captain.

LEUTENANT BARRAGER, of Grand Forks, to be Captain.

LEUTENANT SHERKIN, of Hamilton II, to be Captain.

ATTORNEYS.

ENSIGN WOOLAM, of Spokane Rescue Home, to be Ensign.

ENSIGN STAIGERS, of Spokane Shelter, to be Ensign.

MARRIAGE.

CAPTAIN JAMES CROMARTY, who came out from New Westminster, B. C., and last stationed at Winnipeg Shelter, to CAPTAIN E. GIBBS, who came out from St. Catharines, Ont., at Winnipeg, on March 10th, 1898.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.

Coming Events

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

BRENGADIER HOWELL

will visit Rossland, B. C., Saturday and Sunday, April 16, 17th; Nelson, April 18th, 19th; Kaslo, April 20th, 21; Revelstoke, April 22nd, 23th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN TURNER

will visit Victoria, B. C., April 9, 10, 11; Nanaimo, April 12, 13; New Westminster, April 14, 15; Vancouver, April 16, 17; New Whatecom, April 18; Mt. Vernon, April 19; Spokane, April 21.

G. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

ENSIGN PERRY, Sydney, April 10, 11; Glace Bay, April 12; Sydney Mines, April

12; North Sydney, April 14; New Glasgow, April 15; Pictou, April 16, 17; Clinton, April 18; Summerside, April 19; Charlottetown, April 20; Pugwash, April 21; Oxford, April 22; Parrsboro, April 23; 24; Spring Hill, April 25; Amherst, April 26; Sackville, April 27; Moncton, April 28; Newcastle, April 29.

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CAPTAIN CUMMINS, Brooklin, April 5; Port Perry, April 6; Lindsay, April 7, 8, 9; Uxbridge, April 10, 11, 12.

ENSIGN SIMS, Port Huron, April 7, 8; St. Albans, April 9, 10, 11; Burlington, April 12, 13; Barre, April 14, 15; St. Johnsbury, April 16, 17; Newport, April 18; Sherbrooke, April 19, 20; Coaticook, April 21, 22; Chateaufort, April 23; Kemptville, April 24; Ottawa, April 25, 26, 27.

ADJUTANT HAY, Keno, April 5; Nelson, April 6; Rossland, April 7, 8; Spokane, April 9-12; Lewiston, April 13, 14, 15, 16, 17; Moscow, April 18.

WAR CRY

How to Hinder the Siege.

By THE EDITOR.

Be too busy to pray.
Try to do all the work yourself.

Tire the people with TOO long speaking.

Do not visit last night's convert today.

Permit the meetings to become disorderly.

Have long and late meetings ALL the time.

Permit mere chatter in the prayer meeting.

Eat heavy suppers just before retiring, for the night.

Allow levity in yourself and others—especially on the platform.

Stay in bed long after the neighbors are up and busy earning their daily bread.

Keep people who have come to the meeting waiting for the barracks door to be opened.

Fail to apportion to each man his responsibility for doing some particular thing in the Siege.

Leave the announcement of the next open-air meeting until half the soldiers have left the barracks.

At the most solemn part of the meeting allow little children to run about or cry, so as to distract the attention of the audience.

Break faith with the public by announcing your meeting to commence at a certain time, and then commence ten minutes after that time.

Have the congregation in a bunch at either end of the barracks, so as to leave the centre of the hall with only an odd person here and there.

Keep the barracks tightly closed between meetings, so that the air exhaled and respired from one congregation is kept for the next congregation to breathe over again.

BOMBARD THE CITADEL OF MEN'S CONSCIENCES WITH GOD'S TRUTH.

BOMBARD THE THRONE OF GOD WITH YOUR PRAYERS AND FAITH.

WHAT ABOUT THE KLONDYKE

An Appeal to Christian

BY THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, MISS BO



WITH excited brain, burning heart and eager fervency of each being to no small degree intense an uncontrollable agitation and haste, I find within half an hour of my return home, at my desk already the Klondyke maps, with their clearly-marked gold veins stretched on my right, the Disposition of Forces upon my left, and betwixt the two, seeming to form a "pass" crossing all distance and difficulty, there lies a sheet of paper bearing the names of Officers who have volunteered to plant the Flag in Dawson City.

The ringing shouts from a hundred throats of the over-trains hailing the passing of the cars of my late journey—heaped-up packages, all carrying gold-seekers' outfits, so the depots that one could easily imagine themselves on the their endeavors to pick their way round and through them.

THE DISCORDANT MEDLEY,

composed of somewhat pathetic whining, savage growling, frantic barking of a hundred dogs, caged and labelled "Klondyke Cities painted, not alone "in red," but every other color help to declare, in flaming placard and poster, the topic of the parade of yoked-oxen, which at the swing of the remarkable perception, turn in prompt obedience to carry bidding of their masters, without further direction from reward.

But above all the mighty moving mass of mixed humanity not only that which my eyes have seen, but my mind has perceived a concourse contributed to by so many nations, numbering of thousands, embracing every class of society, every condition, position, and I think I might say almost every kind of sinners.

SOME OLD, SOME YOUNG, SOME RECKLESS

some who have jumped at the possibility of fortune to brighten a gladness long lost in sorrow, and thousands having perished everything to stake their very life upon what is after all but a dream.

The tumult of these sounds—the cry of these people translated the solemnity of my most sacred moments, being in the seasons of my quiet and solemn thought, and have fervency of violence to my prayers. What I have myself experienced the enormity of the need has made such indelible impressions upon my mind and of the magnitude of the opportunity for God and that the restlessness of my spirit to stake Salvation's cause known no abating even in sleep, for then am I either passing path across the trails, getting through Five-Finger Rapids, little band of faithful officers, or else helping to fix up the Flag and strike the song for the salvation of the Klondyke Dawson City.

I think it was the tears in that rough man's eyes—just returned from the gold-diggings—that first intensified my perception of the need. Perhaps something about the huskiness of his voice, a mingling of pathos and bitterness, as he told me:—"No one could have had a better than mine. I was real good before I went, but, aye, Miss, you, an angel couldn't keep good in Dawson City!"

I watched him down out of sight, was looking at that city whose sin is already judged that it took more time amidst evils so brazen than the Klondyke map. But God's strength have failed to do, and in the conquering grace, the triumph and win, as in the where the Blood-red banner.

But the Klondyke map shows price lists of outfits so cheap—yet I think scarcely this flung open door of opportunity to regulate the pulse of Christianity which must dwell in the road leading to the Eternal City—let some hand of help which this rush of thousands mean. Let something be done.

FORGETTING

will be caught in the whirlwind and damn the soul. Let appointed young and unpromising fortune, whose hand some heroes of God's own time His feet, sacrificing all that more than His smile for the Klondyke touched by a Calvary.

Such men are ready to follow the crowds which will follow the Commissioner, I am responsible for necessary equipments for the friends of God and our willingness towards the expenditure of which will be a constant being women, on facilities will be at our disposal.

Whether the whole Klondyke will ever be a battles won will vibrate through the join, hence I would perceive the ammunition, and when the old, sinners redeemed will be.

Donations of Money, for the Expedition, may be forwarded to Bert Street, Toronto.

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I watched him down the street, and long after his brown jacket was out of sight, was looking still, through his story, into the heart of that city whose sin is already so rampant that even a sinner acknowledged that it took more than angel's strength to keep and guard himself amidst evils so brazen, and temptations so subtle and strong.

But God's strength has accomplished what many a time angels have failed to do, and in Dawson City the love of Calvary, the story of conquering grace, the flood of Jesus' Blood, will cleanse, redeem, triumph and win, as in the thousands of cities of sorrow and sin, where the Blood-red banner has been lifted.

But the Klondike maps, Disposition of Forces, and the numerous price lists of outfits spread upon my desk, tell me I am wandering—yet I think scarcely so. For giving but a bird's-eye view of this flung open door of vast and exceptional opportunity which this rush of thousands so unprepared for, cannot help but vibrate the pulse of Christian sympathy for the souls of men—sympathy which must dwell in the breast of every man whose feet tread the road leading to the Eternal City of God—a sympathy which will let some hand of help be held out to the sick and dying and this rush of thousands so unprepared for, cannot help but mean. Let something be done for those who in the thirst for earthly possessions,

FORGETTING GOD AND GOODNESS,

will be caught in the whirlpool of hell's ever-ready devices to ensnare and damn the soul. Let some heart care for the many sad and disappointed young and unprotected which are to be found, passed over by fortune, whose hand so bountifully distributes to others. Let some heroes of God's own choosing, throwing afresh their lives at His feet, sacrificing all they hold dear to His service, asking no more than His smile for their hire, will start over the trails with souls touched by a Calvary's passion to win the people for Jesus—

AND SOME WILL.

Such men are ready to jump into the breach for the salvation of the crowds which will throng the Alaskan gold fields, but as their Commissioner, I am responsible for seeing them well armed with all necessary equipments for the battle. I cannot help but ask the friends of God and our world-wide Blood-and-Fire Flag to donate generously towards the expense of the outfit of the expedition, the first half of which will be composed of six men; the remainder of the contingent being women, will follow in June, when better transportation facilities will be at our command.

Whether the whole story of the full struggle which the conflict will entail will ever be told or not, the shout of triumph of battles won will vibrate through the world. In it I shall want you to join, hence I would persuade you to assist in the preparations of the ammunition, and when in the City whose streets are paved with gold, sinners redeemed will thank you as well as me.



Donations of Money, or Articles of Food or Clothing for the above expedition, may be forwarded direct to MISS BOOTH, The Temple, 107 West Street, Toronto.

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Later Happenings of the FIELD COMMISSIONER'S WESTERN TOUR.

A Record-Breaking Victory Scored at Jamestown.

OPERA HOUSE GORGED-THRILLING ADDRESSES-STIRRING SALVATION SCENES-TWENTY-ONE WEEKS.

THE General's meetings, so far as this Territory was concerned, had ended at Winnipeg, and again the party divided—the General advancing towards Minneapolis and the Field Commissioner turning towards Jamestown. As far as Winnipeg Junction both parties traveled together. Arriving here we found ourselves with five hours to wait for the Jamestown train. The hour was 11 p.m. and snow was driving madly about on the wings of a biting prairie blast which had been tearing unhindered along for scores of miles and now swept its icy strength around the group of struggling Salvationists grouping their way in the white-speckled gloom over the railway track to a lonely log building, dignified by the name of "Hotel."

Here amid the shadows and the drifting snow the Field Commissioner had the General good-bye, and a few minutes later we were straining our gaze to catch the last flicker of the red lamp on the rear car of the train which was bearing him away to his further campaigns. We turned once more into the hotel, our thoughts following our leader—pondering over the wonderful wisdom and work of his weeks amongst us, and thinking again what a powerful object-lesson is the energy and accomplishment of his declining years to the declining century.

Sleep—or an Attempt at it— Is the next item on the programme. At 3:30 a furious knock at the door effectually roused any who were fortunately enough to succeed in the above, and by 4 a.m. we were traversing the deep snow about the tracks once more. The train slowed up in the distance, but by our disappointment came to a standstill 150 yards outside the depot. At last, however, shivering, we boarded the tardy cars, and at 9:40 pulled up at Jamestown. That was a good crowd of officers, soldiers and friends which waited on the platform to meet the Commissioner, and their welcome was enthusiastic and lusty. Ensign and Mrs. Ballou joined the train at Valley City with their darling little six-months-old child cold in death. They were journeying to Jamestown to bury their loved one. Ballou, who had spoken words of comfort to the bereaved parents. The funeral of the little one took place in the afternoon. Brigadier Gasikin, assisted by Major McMillan, conducted the funeral service. The Ensign and his dear wife were stricken with grief. There were few dry eyes as the Ensign, with broken voice, told how the loss of their baby had drawn both Mrs. Bailey and himself nearer to God and heaven. We said the tiny coffin with its precious jewel in the prairie cemetery to rest until the "morning."

Saturday night's meeting was held in the Court House, conducted by Brigadier Gasikin and the Provincial Officer. The place was full and the meeting good—with a collection of over \$10. The Jamestown soldiers are thorough Salvationists and enjoy their religion.

How shall I describe the Sunday morning meeting? That Court House had never witnessed such a scene! The writer was jubilant. The Provincial Officer was delighted. The soldiers smiled and went alternately. What interested attention they gave to the Commissioner's address, which was in itself marked by strong spiritual influence and power. "God's Spirit is revealing hearts. 'Let us pray,' says the Commissioner, and heads are bowed. Faith is rising, fervent prayer is proving effectual. An elderly man in kneecaps at the front. Soft singing rises in faith. Six are claiming the blessing now. Brigadier Gasikin takes the reins. The Commissioner's concerting leads the thrilling strains of "For you I am praying," and thirteen are forward, which number is increased by ten more, among whom are we believe, sinners of the deepest dye.

The Commissioner Leads Husband and Wife to the Happy Seat

amid the joy shouts of soldiers and the clapping of hands. The meeting closed by the Commissioner praying tenderly, fervently, that each might be kept true to their pledges, and the Army officers waved over the heads of the praying host of soldiers who had gathered at the front around the Commissioner.

The afternoon and night engagements were held in the magnificent Opera House. In the afternoon the ministers of the city occupied seats on the platform. The building was filled with a splendid crowd. The Commissioner delivered a powerful and practical address, with which the audience was delighted, as well as blessed. The Commissioner's voice showed unmistakable signs of fatigue at the close, which was not lessened by the fact of the severe cold from which she was suffering.

The marked success of the day's earlier engagements had brought up our anticipation and faith to high pitch for the night's meeting. When the Commissioner advanced upon the stage at 7:10

The Large Building was Filled to its Utmost Capacity,

with scores standing at the back quite unable to secure a seat. The stage was filled with soldiers, amongst whom our thankful eyes lighted on the converts of the morning. The preliminaries were short. The Commissioner speedily arose to address the massive crowd. She was inspired. For over an hour she held the people spellbound. It was no new truth she told—her theme was salvation from sin—an utter severance from all wrong. In tender pleading she besought the sinner to part with unrighteousness. "Leave it now, and leave it forever," she cried.

Don't Tittle with Sin. It is cruel, blighting, damning. There is only one remedy. Only one! One! The blood of Jesus!" Earnestly she pleaded with the crowd, nor desisted until her strength was exhausted, and her voice gone. We had a stiff fight in the prayer meeting, but victory crowned the herculean effort, and three precious souls stepped into light and liberty, making twenty-six for the day. The income amounted to \$170.

The train which was to bear us to Fargo left at 4 a.m. This left but a very short while for rest. Unfortunately the night had turned bitterly cold, and in leaving the heated building, our beloved Commissioner caught a fresh chill going home which quite incapacitated her from further public work for some days. Nevertheless, at 10 o'clock, morning our baggage was checked and a little later we were on our way to Fargo. The Commissioner had quite lost her voice. The tones which had thrilled the Opera House throng could only now be heard in a whisper; nor was this the worst, for by the time we arrived at Fargo the cold had developed so rapidly that the Commissioner was obliged to go to bed. A hindling blitzard swept over the prairie, and blew the snow fiercely in the faces of the passenger-by. Our hearts were sad at the thought of the suffering which our leader was undergoing.

A splendid crowd gathered in the large hall that had been secured. Despite her weakness the Commissioner insisted on being present, although her voice would not permit her to speak out her heart to the people.

For Faces Smiling on Them

was some compensation. Several ministers occupied seats on the platform and spoke, among whom was the Rev. Mr. Mooney, the Commissioner's host. Despite the keen and bitter disappointment that the Commissioner's address was not forthcoming, God came wonderfully to our aid—the writer did his best as leader, and we rejoiced before parting over one soul for salvation, and several for holiness and consecration. What the Commissioner would have done to disappoint the people it would be impossible to say. It certainly added considerably to the physical pain she was going through.

At 5 o'clock next morning we were again en route.

PRISONS AND HOSPITALS.

WILL ALL SALVATIONISTS THROUGHOUT THE TERRITORY WHO VISIT PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, SUCH AS PRISONS, HOSPITALS, SCHOOLS, HOUSES, ETC., WHO DO NOT REPORT THE SAME TO T. H. Q. WRITE TO MISS READ, SECRETARY FOR THE LEAGUE OF MERCY WORK.

Skirmishers and Sharpshooters.

KEY TO THEIR REPORTS.

Now Every Soldier Can Help to Make the Siege Interesting, Successful, and a Blessing to Himself.

EVERY soldier and recruit is requested to carefully read the following ten Coupons, and to resolve to use at least one of these every week during the Siege. This, of course, is not compulsory, but when done with joyful willingness will be recognized as a manifestation of that beautiful spirit that shall triumph over all difficulties. The more coupons you can use the better. Fill in your name and corps, out, and after being initiated by your officer, send the same to the Provincial Officer direct or through the officer in charge of the corps.

The Coupons will be forwarded by the P. O. to the Commissioner, who will suitably recognize and acknowledge the same; also will cause to appear in the War Cry a list of the names of the competitors, with the photos of the most successful ones. The Coupons are numbered as follows:—

1. Open-Airs.
2. Knee Drills.
3. Soldier-Making.
4. Soul-Saving.
5. Reclamation of Backsliders.
6. Visiting.
7. War Cry Selling.
8. Reconciliation.
9. Band of Love Extension.
10. J. S. Company Attendance.

(1) Open-Airs.

This is to Certify that I have attended this week all Open-Airs held by my corps. I believe in the importance of the Open Airs and their opportunities to arrest the attention of multitudes who otherwise would be outside of our reach, and I will attend as frequently as my circumstances will permit.

NAME..... Date.....
CORPS..... C. O's Initials.....

(2) Knee-Drills.

This is to Certify that I have attended all early morning Knee-Drills held by my corps this week. I believe that the Knee-Drills are a personal help to me as well as an inspiration to my comrades, and I will, if possible, attend all Knee-Drills during the Siege.

NAME..... Date.....
CORPS..... C. O's Initials.....

(3) Soldier-Making.

This is to Certify that I have obtained during this week the registration of..... recruits, who have also declared their intention to become soldiers. I believe that men and women saved by the Salvation Army would become soldiers in its ranks, because they will find the most opportune time for the greatest amount of service for God in the Salvation of their fellowmen.

NAME..... Date.....
CORPS..... C. O's Initials.....

(4) Soul-Saving.

This is to Certify that during this week by the blessing of God I have led..... souls to the penitent form, and that such have testified to having received salvation. I believe in the personal dealing with unconverted men and women as the most effective means of converting them of their sins and pointing them to the Saviour, and I will help to make the Siege successful by my personal efforts in this direction.

NAME..... Date.....
CORPS..... C. O's Initials.....

(5) Reclamation of Backsliders.

This is to Certify that during this week I have by the help of God led..... backsliders to the penitent form, and believe them to have found forgiveness. Reclaiming the great hindrance which backsliders are to the advancement of the Kingdom by their example upon the unconverted, and remembering the sorrow of heart and uttermost of soul which must be their lot, I shall endeavor to reclaim backsliders especially during the Siege.

NAME..... Date.....
CORPS..... C. O's Initials.....

(6) Visiting.

This is to Certify that I have visited during this week..... converts,..... backsliders, sinners, and have prayed with..... of these. Being unable to attend meetings as frequently as I desire, I have determined to spend each time as I can spare in visiting our converts to encourage them, the backsliders to reclaim them, and the sinners to turn them from their sins.

NAME..... Date.....
CORPS..... C. O's Initials.....

(7) War Cry Selling.

This is to Certify that I have sold..... copies of this issue of the War Cry. Believing that the War Cry can reach homes and hearts that otherwise are untouched, and knowing that it has carried salvation to many souls, I will do my best to help in the selling of the War Cry during the Siege.

NAME..... Date.....
CORPS..... C. O's Initials.....

(8) Reconciliation.

This is to Certify that I have reasonable evidence that through my personal effort during this week, and by the grace of God,..... men and women have been reconciled to each other. I am convinced that many otherwise beautiful lives have been useless in the service of God on account of existing ill-feelings towards a neighbor, and desire to use my influence in every wise way to reconcile such persons to each other.

NAME..... Date.....
CORPS..... C. O's Initials.....

(9) Band of Love Extension.

This is to Certify that I have succeeded in winning during this week..... new members for the Band of Love. I am persuaded that I can successfully use my time and influence by recruiting new members of the Band of Love, and I will exert all my energy for this purpose during the Siege.

NAME..... Date.....
CORPS..... C. O's Initials.....

(10) Increase in J. S. Attendance.

This is to Certify that during this week I have secured..... more children to attend the J. S. Company meetings. Being the hope of the future is the children, and believing it is most pleasing to God that a soul should serve Him from early childhood, I will plan and work to increase the J. S. Company attendance still further during the Siege.

NAME..... Date.....
CORPS..... C. O's Initials.....

OUR WAR CRY WAR.

Eastern Province has a Big Lead—East Ontario Second—West Ontario Third.

THIS WEEK'S TOTALS—HUSTLERS, 188; SALES, 6,644.

Eastern Province.

Hustlers, 38. — Cry, 2,461.

Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown 375
Lieut. Bell, Windsor 159
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax 150
Lieut. Annie Martin, St. Stephen 113
Father Armstrong, St. John 110
Mrs. Ensign Fraser, New Glasgow 107
Arnold Gibbons, St. George's, Ber. 100
Capt. Perry, New Glasgow 100
Cadet Maggie McKillo, St. John 96
Mrs. Adjt. Miller, North Sydney 85
George Wambolt, Halifax 76
Sergt. Alice J. ms, Fredericton 71
Sergt.-Major M. rison, Glace Bay (av. 2 wks) 69
Sergt. E. A. Crane, Fredericton 68
Cadet J. A. McElheney, Fredericton 60
Ensign Ebbary, Halifax 50
Capt. J. D. Clark, Fredericton 49
Sergt. M. Holden, Windsor 49
Sergt. Reid, St. John 48
Sergt.-Major Carr, Windsor 48
Fred Webster, St. John 48
Julia Soper, St. John 48
W. C. Sergt. M. Gambell, Summerside 48
Mabel Ludlow, St. John 48
Sister Elizabeth, Moncton 48
Sergt. Irons, Windsor 48
Capt. Piercy, St. John 48
Joe Dunkley, St. George's, Ber. 48
Lieut. Hudson, St. John 48
Sergt. Day, North Sydney 48
Sergt. Chisholm, North Sydney 48
Bro. Ernest Betts, Moncton 48
Sergt. McDonald, Glace Bay (av. 2 wks) 48
Sister Mary Beaton, St. John 48
Addie Green, Fredericton 48
Lieut. Green, Summerside 48
Sister McFarlane, Moncton 48
Cadet Smith, Moncton 48

East Ontario.

Hustlers, 30. — Cry, 1,645.

Sergt. Mrs. Shannon, Ottawa 140
Capt. Stanforth, Burlington 130
Capt. Hill, St. Albans, Vt. 108
Capt. King, Quebec 108
Mrs. Wm. Hamilton, Ottawa 94
Lieut. Tuck, Montreal II, (av. 2 wks) 94
S-M. Little Gail, St. Albans, Vt. 94
Capt. Chappell, Renfrew 85
Lieut. D. Ferrier, Renfrew 85
Lieut. Dawson, Deseronto 80
Capt. French, Peterboro 80
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Cornwall (av. 2 wks) 80
Adjt. Blackburn, Cornwall (av. 2 wks) 47
Lieut. Dorn, Renfrew 47
Mrs. Duddley, Ottawa 40
Sergt. Maud Wilson, Montreal I 40
Sergt. Mattice, Cornwall (av. 2 wks) 40
Ensign Kerr, Peterboro 40
Bro. H. Stephen, Barre, Vt. 40
Capt. Comstock, Deseronto 40
Mrs. Greene, Peterboro 40
Sergt. Douglas, Cornwall 40
Hannah Smith, Peterboro 40
Mrs. Barber, Burlington (av. 2 wks) 40
Cand. Hoole, Montreal II 40
Emma Skidmore, Pictou 40
Mrs. Stevens, Pictou 40
Lydia Phelps, Pictou 40
Ethel Ferguson, Pictou 40
Sergt. Verner, Ottawa 40

Central Ontario.

Hustlers, 25. — Cry, 87.

Capt. Lott, Owen Sound 71
Cand. Mrs. Skedden, Hamilton I 70
Capt. John Slater, Orillia 62
Capt. Meahan, North Bay 62
Bro. Joe Gray, Midland 50
Lieut. Mainland, North Bay 42
Sergt.-Major Bowers, Ligar St. 40
En. Fraser, Hamilton I 40
Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines 31
Ensign Savage, St. Catharines 30
Geo. Thatcher, Hamilton I 30
Bro. Small, St. Catharines 28
Sergt.-Major Bowers, Ligar St. 28
Jennie Ford, Parry Sound 25
Geo. Case, Hamilton I 25
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I 22
May Donaldson, Ligar St. 21
Sergt. Annie Stickells, Ligar St. 21
Bro. Fisher, Hamilton I 20
Ucle Green, Hamilton I 20
Mrs. Guthrie, Hamilton I 20
Mrs. Armes, Hamilton I 20
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I 20
Geo. Danich, Hamilton I 20
Sister McCuskin, Hamilton I 20
Capt. Rowe, Hamilton I 20

West Ontario.

Hustlers, 28. — Cry, 1,250.

Sergt. McDougall, Goderich 117
Codet Fife, Windsor 110
Capt. Fred Young, London 108
Sergt. F. Smith, Leburg 70
Ensign Scott, Barina 70
Lieut. Hoskin, Barina 70
Ensign Ottaway, Petrolia 70
Geo. Danich, Hamilton I 70
Cand. Hillard, Barina (av. 2 wks) 65
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas 65
Sergt. Mrs. Betts, London 45
M. Lloyd, Windsor 45

Sister Matthews, London 42
Sergt. Schuster, Berlin (av. 2 wks) 42
Lieut. Hodgson, Berlin (av. 2 wks) 42
Mrs. Scott, Guelph 42
Fred Palmer, London 42
Mary Fritchley, Listowel 42
Capt. McCutcheon, Goderich 42
Sister Southall, London 42
Lieut. Gaskin, Listowel 42
J. D. Andrews, Berlin 42
Capt. Sloc, Guelph 42
Father Griffin, Barina 42
Cand. Beach, Petrolia 42
Sergt. Blackwell, Petrolia 42

North-West.

Hustlers, 4. — Cry, 126.

Capt. B. McDrew, Brandon 41
Lieut. H. Clarke, Brandon 40
J. B. Sergt. Johnson, Brandon 40
J. S. Sergt. Mansell, Brandon 40

Pacific.

Hustlers, 4. — Cry, 25.

Lieut. Krul, Victoria 175
Sergt. C. Van Camp, Dixon 85
Sister Lewis, Victoria 85
Sister Mortimer, Victoria 85

East Ontario.

Hustlers, 28. — Sales, 1,404.

Sergeant Shannon, Ottawa 180
Ensign Walker, Belleville 140
Captain Hill, St. Albans, Vermont 121
Captain Little Wilson, St. Johnsbury 115
Captain Chappell, Renfrew 75
Mrs. Adjutant Maltby, Pictou 75
Sergt.-Major Little Gail, St. Albans, Vermont 70
Lieutenant Dawson, Deseronto 70
Sergt. Annie Lawson, Ottawa 62
Captain Finley, Montreal I 60
Sergeant Rogers, Montreal I 60
Sergeant Thompson, Belleville 60
Sergeant Mrs. Duddley, Ottawa 60
Sergeant Maud Wilson, Montreal I 60
Mother Lewis, Montreal I 60
Candidate Givins, Renfrew 60
Captain Comstock, Deseronto 60
Sergeant Jennie Verner, Ottawa 60
Captain Nellie Connors, Port Hope 60
Captain George Williams, Port Hope 60
Sergt.-Major George Colley, Montreal I 60
Mrs. Stormy, Pictou 60
Lydia Phelps, Pictou 60
Sister Mary Harper, Montreal I 60
Sister Jennie Wilson, Montreal I 60
Sergeant Root, Belleville 60

Central Ontario.

Hustlers, 25. — Sales, 796.

Candidate Mrs. Skedden, Hamilton I 100
Captain Slater, Orillia 100
Sergeant Bowers, Ligar Street 41
Sergeant Bowers, Ligar Street 41
Ensign Savage, St. Catharines 40
Sergeant Bragg, Hamilton I 40
Captain Skolliker, Riverside 37
Sergeant E. Howell, Riverside 36
Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines 29
Lieutenant McLean, Warton 27
May Donaldson, Ligar 27
Brother Stevens, Riverside 26
Brother Small, St. Catharines 25
Captain White, Warton 25
Mrs. Galka, Yorkville 25
Lieutenant Hines, Riverside 23
Ensign Attwell, Riverside 22
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I 22
Sergeant Annie Stickells, Ligar 21
Sergeant Danich, Hamilton I 21
Sister Mrs. Guthrie, Hamilton I 20
Sister Mrs. Weldon, Hamilton I 20
Sister Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I 20
Sister Mrs. Armes, Hamilton I 20

Eastern Province.

Hustlers, 22. — Sales, 1,631.

Captain McIntyre, Charlottetown 80
Joe Dunkley, St. George's, Bermuda 185
Lieutenant Bell, Windsor 160
Lieutenant Annie Martin, St. Stephen 80
Captain J. D. Clarke, Fredericton 70
Sergeant Holden, Windsor 68
Sergeant A. Crane, Fredericton 69
Mrs. Blackwood, Westville 13
Sergeant Alice Lyons, Fredericton 13
Cadet J. A. McElheney, Fredericton 13
Captain Bowring, Sydney (average 2 wks) 48
Mrs. Captain Bowring, Sydney 42
Lieutenant Davis, Pugwash 42
Sarah Bean, St. George's, Bermuda 42
Sergeant E. Vella, Hamilton (average 2 wks) 35
Sergeant Moore, Windsor 35
Arnold Gibbons, St. George's, Bermuda 35
Maud Beatty, Fredericton 35
Mrs. Adjutant Creighton, Fredericton 35
Sergeant Mary Pollock, Fredericton 21
Addie Green, Fredericton 21
Jennie Irons, Windsor 20

Hustlers.

Mrs. Huffman
Sergeant M.
Sergeant F.
Captain F.
Ensign O.
Ensign S.
Lieutenant
Sergeant M.
Mrs. Martin
Captain D.
Mrs. Scott
Captain H.
Lieutenant
Sister Floss
Sergeant F.
Cadet State
Sister Daisy
Sister Black
Lieutenant
Father Griffin

Hustlers.

Cadet Stron
Captain G.
Sister N.
Captain B.
Lieutenant
Cadet Lemme
Sister John
Brother M.
Junior S.
Sister B.
Captain V.
Sergeant S.

Hustlers.

Lieutenant
Sister Lewis
Brother B.
Ensign Stev
Captain S.
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Great things are going to be done there yet.

Little Current.—Captain Wilson writes to say that they had the Savior an Indian Chief who had been very hard on the Army. But he is doing beautifully, and she says: "God bless the Indians, they are a beautiful lot."

Newmarket.—Ensign F. Morris visited this place on a recent Sunday, and had the joy of seeing four souls at the penitence form, whom the Ensign thinks will make good soldiers.

Glory to God in the highest.—SCOTIA.

Collingwood.—We had Staff-Captain Minnie with us for a meeting. Everybody to the front for a social cup of tea. Lemon pie and cake in abundance. (Cap-Smiley can make lemon pies.) Everybody delighted with the meeting. Come again, Staff-Captain, and bring your wife, you will get a good welcome. God is with us, victory is sure and we are going to win. Yours for the Kingdom.—Willie Clark, Correspondent, for Captain Nellie Smith.

Gravenhurst.—We are advancing. Six souls sought salvation this last week. Staff-Captain Minnie with us last night. Hall crowded. Collection good. Three souls—two Juniors, one adult. Everybody says, "Come again soon, Staff-Captain—J. H. and M. H. Commanding Officers."

Sudbury.—Sunday night we rejoiced in seeing two souls come out for pardon—a young man and a little boy. God bless them. Yours in the fight—N. R. Trickey, Junior Soldier Sergeant-Major.

Southern Section.

Staff-Captain Hargrave.] [Crys, 2,220.

Oshawa.—Glory to God! Having good salvation times here. The Conquering Son of God is in our midst saving and sanctifying. Since we came here some 15 have been to the Fountain, and are anticipating his things for the Christ of Calvary. Amen! Yours—W. G. W.

Eastern Province.

Brigadier Pugmire.] [Crys, 8,000.

Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire and Adjutant Desbriay spend Three Days at Fredericton—Ten at the Mercy Seat—Nine Records Enrolled.

It was met at the depot by the officers and brass band at 7:30 on Saturday night, and a four-horse sleigh. We were driven through the city and the band provided the music. Inside we had the pleasure of swearing in nine recruits.

The Sunday morning's knee-drill was well attended—35 being present. God was with us.

In the afternoon three came to Jesus. One of them was a small boy who hadn't sufficient courage to come to the Mercy Seat alone, so two of the other Juniors came out with him.

The Provincial Officer visited the Juniors and found seven companies in full swing. Adjutant and Mrs. Creighton both appear to take great interest in the Junior war. They were both present.

Sunday night we had a glorious time. Seven souls knelt at the Mercy Seat. Just as we wound up, the fire-bell rang, and behold, one of the noble firemen was at the Mercy Seat. Duty for the moment called him elsewhere, but he returned afterwards to pray. God bless him.

Monday morning the Brigadier gave a sketch of his travels by land and sea, while Adjutant Desbriay gave an account of her work in Bermuda. A large crowd was present and were evidently interested. At the close

A Little Fellow Came up

to the Provincial Officer and said, "I wish you'd hold on in the prayer meeting a little longer, as I was dealing with another boy and wanted him to come out." Good for the Junior!

Mrs. Pugmire fished and tolled for souls and was rewarded. Little Myrtle sang sweet songs of Jesus. The Brigadier and his wife returned to Provincial Headquarters more than ever in love with Fredericton.

"ONE OF 'EM."

EASTERN NEWS.

Captain Knight to Bridgewater. Captain G. Thompson to Lunenburg. Captain L. Larder to Dartmouth. Captain Goodwin to Halifax. Ensign Libbey to Halifax. Ensign Green to Halifax. Ensign Gamble to Sussex. Captain Milby to Sussex. (2nd). Captain A. Larder to Yarmouth. Captain Brown to Pictou. Captain Jackson to St. John's. Captain Horwood to Charl-

lottown (2nd). Captain Davis to Peggwash. Captain Matheson to Parrsboro. Captain Ritchie to Spring Hill (2nd). Captain W. Thompson to St. John. Captain Anderson to St. John. Captain McIntyre to Fairville. Lieutenant McElheney to Fairville. Lieutenant Hinson to Carleton. Ensign Fitch to Woodstock. Lieutenant Muttart to Woodstock. Lieutenant Leadley to Bridgetown. Lieutenant Selig to Bear River (2nd). Captain Englund to Amherst (2nd). Ensign Wright to Clark's Harbor. Captain Day to North Head. Captain Hayman to Moncton (2nd). Lieutenant O. Clark to Yarmouth. Captain Pittman on furlough.—Eastern Star.

Hallelujah Wedding at Carleton, N.B.

Brigadier Pugmire Ties the Knot.

At Carleton, N.B., Sergeant-Major Willard Olive of Carleton, to Sister Effie Holland, of Boston, U. S. A.

Brigadier Pugmire conducted the wedding which was held in the barracks. He performed this important ceremony, such performances being, by the way, very common occurrences down East just now. The bridegroom is getting used to it, and is right at home when there is a wedding on.

All the city officers and a number of soldiers were in attendance, and a large crowd was present.

About \$23 was taken at the door, which is excellent for Carleton.

The meeting was a good one, there was no hitch in the proceedings, and the knot was tied firm and secure.

The bride has been a faithful soldier for a number of years, both in Halifax, N. S., and Boston, U. S. A., and she will be a great acquisition to the Carleton corps as Mrs. Sergeant-Major Olive.

The bridegroom has been the main stay of the corps for some years, and has held the position of Sergeant-Major over these years. Faithful and devoted to the work of God at heart, Sergeant-Major Olive is always found at his post, be there many others or few.

He is respected and loved by all who know him, and he, with his dear wife, will, we believe, work to the uplifting of the Carleton corps, and the building up of the Kingdom of God on earth, and in so doing God will bless them, and help them to bring joy and gladness to many who are now in darkness.—Red Riding Hood.

Halifax I.—On Thursday night re-commissioning of band and the commissioning of local officers, also twenty-five recruits enrolled as soldiers. Hallelujah!

On Sunday afternoon five more recruits were enrolled. May the Lord abundantly bless, and help them to trust and obey the Lord, and to do His utmost will, and he, with his dear wife, will, we believe, work to the uplifting of the Carleton corps, and the building up of the Kingdom of God on earth, and in so doing God will bless them, and help them to bring joy and gladness to many who are now in darkness.—Red Riding Hood.

Annapolis.—During the last two weeks we have seen sixteen souls at the Mercy Seat. Some of them grand cases. We had a visit from Lieutenant Cowan, from Halifax, also Captain Seely, from St. John. The Brigadier spent the week-end with us. People and soldiers were delighted. The children meant to do their best, and they did. Since writing this above seven other souls have come forward and professed conversion, making a total of twenty-three souls in two weeks. Praise God. Yours living for Jesus—L. B. Gratton, Captain, J. Laws, Lieutenant.

Glouce Bay.—We are in the midst of our Siege. Two souls professed to have found peace. While some have turned to the flesh pots of Egypt thank God there are a few who have some stickleability, and love God and the Army too well to be a recruit. Yours still believing—Lizzie Penny, Ensign.

North Sydney, Cape Breton.—Eleven souls since last report. Twenty-five present at knee-drill Sunday morning and one soul saved. On Sunday night we enrolled nine as soldiers and received thirteen as recruits, making a total of twenty-two.—Gideon Miller.

Houlton, Maine.—Souls are getting saved and seventeen soldiers have been enrolled. Major Collier, our new Chancellor, came last week and received a loyal welcome. Notwithstanding that eight of our soldiers were out of town and were unable to come, yet thirty-five local people were on the march. Special addresses were given to which the Major fittingly replied, after which the Major led one of the most practical meetings and half-night of prayer we have ever attended. Seventeen local officers were commissioned. Five sought cleansing and one salvation. We want the Major to come again. Yours truly—"Stick in the ruts." (We hope not.—Ed.)

Bear River, N. S.—During the last two weeks we have seen eight souls at the Mercy Seat. Out of one family three brothers have been saved. Hallelujah! Brigadier

Pugmire, officers and friends from Digby on his Monday night. Several were delighted with the meeting. Come again, Brigadier.—George Allan, Ella Englund, Captains.

North-West Province.

Major McMillan.]

[Crys, 3,338.

Moose Jaw, N. W. T.—Captain Graham and Cadel Kreger, of Edmonton, stopped over with us for Sunday night's meeting. Good time—J. C. Middagh, Regular Correspondent.

Brandon, Manitoba.—Quite a high old time at our barracks on Thursday night. Musical meeting. My, but the string band excelled themselves. Sergeant-Major Spence's solo near brought the house down. After the meeting cake and coffee were served to a large crowd. Good week-end. Three prodigals came home during the week. Yours believing—Trivitoria.

Portage la Prairie.—Captain Dwyer's last week with us was one of great blessing. One backslider sought and found Christ. Two other comrades out for the blessing of a clean heart. Meetings all day Sunday were grand, but especially the farewell meeting at night. The hall was packed. Three backsliders returned and found pardon. Many others deeply convicted.—War Cry Correspondent.

Oakes, N. D.—We are having grand meetings here at present. Brother Silvernail, from near Rutland, N. D., helped us last Thursday night. Mrs. Stuegher her life experience, which was good. One young lady got saved at the close of the meeting. Hallelujah! Lieutenant Kent has arrived and will help us push on the war during Captain Campbell's absence at the General's meetings in Winnipeg—Melvin Jones, for Lieutenant Kent.

Larimore, N. D.—Ensign McKenlie with us on Monday and Tuesday. We had a lantern service on Tuesday, subject, "Bowing the Wind." One soul to the penitence form. Ensign Robert Smith was with us from 11th to 13th. Profit, about \$20. Large crowd. A farewell meeting was held in Arvilla on the 16th. Good collection and large crowd. God bless them in their noble work for the Master. Yours in the battle—C. De Haven, for Jas. Coombs, Regular Correspondent.

What was there in our life before conversion to give pleasure or the slightest degree of satisfaction to the One who had created us for His own honor and glory, and in His own image? I offer the query without expecting an answer. Whilst we had absolutely no claim whatever on the tender mercies of a Father, yet, through the Blood of the Everlasting Covenant, we found hope, mercy, pardon and salvation, for we glory in being the Father, and the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, forever and ever.

Wallace was under deep conviction, and tried to fight it off in every way he knew how.

But it struck to him.

It would not be drowned by liquor or swept away by hilarity. He was standing in a saloon on Hudson Street, New York City, on the day when he was converted by a man who asked him if he was not a Scotchman.

"Yes," he said, immediately pleased to recognize by the brogue of the questioner a fellow Scot.

"Then you'll have a drink off me?"

"No; but you'll have one off me?"

A friendly dispute of this sort could only end in one way, and the consequence was that several rounds of drinks were indulged in, the new-made friends sharing the expense.

Then his friend asked Wallace if he could not sing a Scotch song, to which he responded with "The Battle of Stirling Bridge," "Sweet Mary of Argyle," and then an Irish ditty, "The Rose of Tralee." The man had his feelings deeply stirred by the recollections which the songs called forth, and, although the hour was late, insisted upon Wallace accompanying him to his home, where he introduced him to his family and induced him to accept his hospitality, not for that night alone, but for quite a period of time; in fact, this was the commencement of a friendship which was part of God's plan for the conversion of the dissolute and depraved Scotchman.

(To be Continued.)

"Robert Murray McChesney, on the borders of heaven, exclaimed to a brother minister: 'Go on, dear brother, only an inch of time remains, and then angels roll on for ever—only an inch on which to stand and preach the way of salvation to perishing souls.'"

"A revivalist who asked all who had paid their debts to rise. The rising was general. He then asked all who had not paid their debts to rise. A solitary individual (an editor) rose and then before he had paid his debt no many in this audience have not paid their subscription to my paper."

A young man at North Sydney, whose life has almost been ruined by strong drink, pulled himself away from his old chums at the back of the hall and volunteered out, and it was not long before he was from the room, with his face beaming with joy, saved by the Blood of the Lamb.

thousands expressions of joy to the God who brings salvation to the poor, the debilitated, and has raised such an organization as the Salvation Army to break the

News of Love and Pardon

to the hopeless outcast!

Poor, drunken, disconsolate Wallace, there is hope for you, man! Do not give up! Throw that revolver away! That precious life was given you for a holy purpose, and must not be cut short by violence. The Lion of the tribe of Judah can snuff every fetter and give you deliverance, pardon and salvation. He is near you! Do not despair!

CHAPTER XIV.

UNDER DEEP CONVICTION.

Now comes the most pleasing part of the story. What a glorious privilege it is to be permitted to witness the birth of a soul into the Kingdom! What an awfulness of responsibility devolves upon those whom God chooses to become spiritual parents and guides!

authority in social economies has set forth the claim that every child—whether of Cherry Hill or Fifth Avenue—has a right to be well born, so that it may not suffer through being handicapped in after life. Yes, yes; but how infinitely greater and higher right has the spiritual child to be well born! The Salvation Army appreciates this great fact and is more and more careful whom it sends forth to be shepherds of the sheep and

Then again, how can mentally staggered at the thought of the immensity of God's love to man! John III. is still an unraveled mystery to thousands of earth's learned sons and daughters. The dimensions of the love therein spoken of are still myriads of millions of miles beyond the scope of human understanding. What was there in the character of such a man as William Wallace—or to indulge in a little personal talk—in the character of you or I, dear reader?

For God to Love?

What was there in our life before conversion to give pleasure or the slightest degree of satisfaction to the One who had created us for His own honor and glory, and in His own image? I offer the query without expecting an answer. Whilst we had absolutely no claim whatever on the tender mercies of a Father, yet, through the Blood of the Everlasting Covenant, we found hope, mercy, pardon and salvation, for we glory in being the Father, and the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, forever and ever.

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To Parents,

We will see relatives in friend, or girl, women in difficulty. J. A. R. CRYSTAL, Canada, and

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3031. MIC Formerly fr in Brooklyn, whereabouts vantage. A ronto.

3036. MIC REEDY. New Brum were farme 53 years of t Toronto.

3038. JOHN burr, Engla heard of by 1851. Age ab book-keeper. Toronto.

3038. GEO. Ap 12. Ann years ago, rather stout. He wrote to after his vis somewhere. to hear fro Toronto.

3042. THO Left Bonist about 35 ye This daughte to hear from ronto.

3043. WILL years. Fair eye. Thought Father enqui query, TORO

3044. ROB LEST. Age 12. dark and sto six or seven working on

out or Dr. B. Was suppos mind in 1901 and Moscow. about pleas

3055. MAR Canada in 1 where in Ont ronto.

3056. SAM taken from 21st, 1890. G Address, Ind

3057. HEN Last heard working in an Inquiry, TOR

3058. MRS. Last heard query, TORO

3058. HEN laborer. Pleston, Ill. Mrs. Moore, Sister Sarah Toronto.

3060. J. R. in. broad h shaven, tale in January, of Mr. Isaac

hearted bea dress, Inquir

3061. EDW (brother and Barrow from Wingham, M. Norman St.,

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends:—

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe; be friends, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA PROCTOR, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark inquiry on the envelope.

If possible send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses. We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

—100—

First Insertion.

294. THOMAS STUBBS. An Englishman. Tall, dark, and a little deaf. About 40 years of age. His wife and family are very anxious about him and are in want. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

307. ANDREW J. CHAMONE. Last heard of in Glencoe, Ont. Dark complexion, dark eyes, quite bald, scar on cheek, age about 33, Englishman. When leaving Glencoe spoke of going to Winnipeg, Man. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

302. MICHAEL or JOHN WOODS. Formerly from Canada, last heard from in Brooklyn, New York. By making his whereabouts known will be to his advantage. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

305. MICHAEL, FATSEY and JOHN RIBBY. Left Waterford, Ireland for New Brunswick. Fatsey and Michael were farmers and would be now nearly 30 years of age. Address, S. A. Inquiry, Toronto.

308. GEO. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG. Age 33. Last seen by his mother three years ago. At that time he was a rather stout, still built lad and very fair. He wrote to his mother, Oakville, shortly after his visit. Supposed to be on a farm somewhere. His mother is very anxious to hear from him. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

293. THOMAS or JAMES KARN. Left Bonington, County Derry, Ireland, about 35 years ago for Cincinnati, Ohio. The daughter of Samuel Karn is anxious to hear from him. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

Second Insertion.

292. WILLIAM MITCHELL. Age 12 years, fair hair, eight mark under left eye. Thought to have gone to Montreal. Father enquires for news. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

294. ROBERT FREDERICK MULLETT. Age 24 years, height 5 ft. 10 in. dark and stout. Was a Salvationist some six or seven years ago in Ontario. Was working on a farm in Denison Mills. Married and has two children. He came out of Dr. Barnardo's Home 12 years ago. Was supposed to have gone out of his mind in Toronto. Has lived at night and Moscow. Anyone knowing his whereabouts please address Inquiry, Toronto.

295. MARY ANN LEWIS. Came to Canada in 1875. Supposed to be somewhere in Ontario. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

296. SAMUEL FARNILL. He was taken from Pontefract Court House, June 21st, 1890. Supposed to be in Canada. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

297. HENRY SYKES. Age 57 years. Last heard of in Toronto. Was then working in a woolen business. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

298. MRS. J. GALEA, nee CURTIS. Last heard of in Ottawa. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

299. HENRY INORBY. Age 54 years, farm laborer, height 5 ft. 7 in., fair complexion. His last address was care of Mrs. Moore, Fairbanks, P. O., York, Ont. Sister Sarah enquires. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

290. J. R. RICHARDS. Height 5 ft. 9 in., broad built, fair complexion, clean shaven, telegraph clerk. Last heard of in January, 1897. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

291. EDWARD and SUSAN FULLER (brother and sister). Left Anken, near Barrow in Furness, Eng., in 1897, for Wingham, Manitoba. Mrs. G. White, of Norman St., Great Western Derby, Eng.,

THE WAR CRY.

The Children's Saviour.

Tune.—Blessed Lord (B.J. 5, 1).

1 Blessed Saviour, Thou who loves us,
Thou who for the children died,
Bless us as we now are gathered
To Thy name, the Crucified.
Wash us Saviour, wash us, Saviour,
Wash us in the cleansing tide.

Blessed Lord, our hearts are panting
To be filled with more of Thee;
As we come, oh, make us willing,
Send the fire and set us free.
Make us, Saviour, make us, Saviour,
Make us, Saviour, more like Thee.

Hallelujah Solo.

Tune.—Safe in the arms of Jesus.

2 In Jesus' name, His people
Assemble here to-day,
Knowing that He is able
To answer while we pray:
We're asking, seeking, knocking,
Thou canst give all we need.
For sinners our souls are thirsting,
A flood-tide, O Lord, we plead.

Chorus.

Give us a full salvation,
Send us a cleansing wave,
Free us from condemnation,
Jesus can fully save.

This saving, cleansing River
Makes glad the saints of God;
It flows for "whosoever"
His Fountain filled with blood,
Strains rest from condemnation,
Truth to the inward part;
This river of salvation,
Makes clean the foulest heart.

For deeper depths of blessing,
For higher heights above:
Still length and breadth surpassing,
There is a sea of love.
One plunge will end thy doubting,
One plunge drive fears away.
I will make salvation ring,
For joy, both night and day.

No limit to Thy mercy,
No limit to Thy power,
No limit to the victory
Offered to thee this hour:
This moment He is saving,
This moment I believe,
This moment Thou art cleansing,
This moment I receive.

Second Chorus.

I have a full salvation,
I feel the cleansing wave,
Made free from condemnation,
Jesus has fully saved.

—100—

Hallelujah!

Tune.—Over Jordan (B.J. 17).

3 I'm a soldier of the Lord,
And I'll trust in God,
I've been washed in Jesus' blood.
Hallelujah!
While I'm fighting for my King,
I will make salvation ring,
And to Jesus sinners bring.
Hallelujah!

Chorus.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
When our labors here are o'er.

in anxious to hear of them, or address, Inquiry, Toronto.

292. HENRY BRAMWELL A. COMB. A native of Yorkshire, Eng. 39 years of age, fair complexion, 5 ft. 9 in., 160 lbs. Left home five years ago for Buffalo. All's well if he returns. American Cry please copy.

293. HOBBS, ISAAC. Age 67, occupation farmer, height 5 ft. 3 in. Missing 15 years. Supposed to have gone to Manitoba. Friends who wish him well desire to know of his condition.

294. HINTON AUSTIN, or AUSTIN HINTON. Left Wodenburg, Eng., for Halifax or Winnipeg about 16 years ago on the steamship Polyneasa.

295. OATHOUT, JOHN ELMORE. Young man, dark complexion, roman nose, pink hair, and coarse features, scar of a catarrh near the right of the left eye. When his parents went to the States he was left behind in Canada.

296. WHISTLY, W. Age 23, height 5 ft. 10 in., fair complexion. Was in San Francisco in 1894 in partnership running a restaurant. Mother enquires.

297. HUTLEY, EDWARD. Age 19,

There's a home for us in store,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Then we'll sing for evermore,
Hallelujah!

Once in sin I used to be,
But the Lord took hold of me,
And from sin I'm now set free.
Hallelujah!
For He did not say me nay,
When He said I did obey;
All my sins He washed away,
Hallelujah!

There's a home above for all,
If to Jesus they will call;
None need to this devil fall,
Hallelujah!
He will place His power within,
He will keep you free from sin,
Then with us you'll shout and sing,
Hallelujah!

—100—

Mercy's Call.

Tune.—Way down upon the Swanee River, or, All the world can ne'er console thee (B.J. 157).

4 In love we now entreat you, sinner,
Your sins forsake;
Lest they at death should meet you,
Bound for the Burning Lake.

Chorus.

In this day of mercy, sinner,
Jesus waits to save;
Life is uncertain, and to-morrow
You may be in your grave.

Life is at best uncertain, sinner,
Soon all gone by;
This night may fall the curtain, sinner,
And you be called to die.

From all your guilt and sorrow, sinner,
You can be free;
You may not see to-morrow, sinner,
Let Christ your Saviour be.

Major T. C. Marshall,
Editor of All the World.

—100—

Prove His Love.

Tunes.—Rejoice in the Lord (B.J. 31);
Saviour's love (B.J. 63); I believe we shall win (B.J. 29).

5 Once again, in the name of the King,
Let me tell you how great is His love;
How He died on the cross, peace to bring,
How He reigneth in Glory above.

Chorus.

Come and prove Jesus' love,
Let His blood wash you whiter than snow;
Come and prove Jesus' love,
Let His blood wash you whiter than snow.

"Twas for all sinful men that He died,
Even now o'er your sins He doth give;
Still for you flows the best cleansing tide,
And He'll save, if on Him you believe.

Brother, now from your sins turn away,
Ere the day of salvation is past;
If to seek Him too long you delay,
Your regrets will be useless at last.

Lordie Dunlop.

height 5 ft. 5 in., grey eyes, brown hair. Last heard of in Nova Scotia. By trade blacksmith.

298. GOODING-JAMES, JOHN, WILLIAM, MARY and EMILY. James last heard of from Alpine, Mich. Their brother Charles is anxious to hear from them.

299. EINAR, BREVIG. Age 20, tall, large dark eyes, dark hair. Last heard of as a actor three years ago in San Francisco.

300. BLOM, KRISTIAN F. Age 22, native of Norway, sailor. Last heard of in Cuba Co., California.

301. McALLISTER, ROBERT. Left Glasgow 12 years ago. Seen in California, four years ago. Sister Isabel enquires.

302. LAPPIN, THOMAS. Left England 23 years ago. Last heard of as a seaman in San Francisco, five years ago. May now be in Bath Street. Mother and Sister enquires.

303. ASLIN, ADA. Age 40, tall, blue eyes, light hair. Supposed to have gone from thence to San Francisco. Sister Alice Clegg enquires.

304. FLUMBRIDGE, JAMES WILLIAM, alias PHELPS or PHILPOT. Age 23, height 5 ft. 10 in., blue eyes. Supposed to be the owner of a fruit store in San Francisco.

305. GOBEL, JAMES. Age 23, short and stout, dark complexion. Address 12 months ago I. G. O. Shaste Co., Calif. Thought to have moved to the gold mines. Mother anxious.

306. HUNT, MRS. or her representatives who advertised for Mr. Turner, Walworth, London, Eng., in 1897.

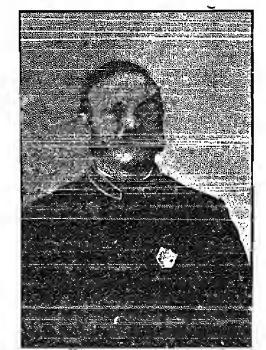
307. COLLINS, W. JOHN. Age 44, height 5 ft. 8 in., light hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Left Redruth in England for California, in 1879. Last heard of in 1882. Parents enquire.

308. ROBERTS, D. H. Last heard of five years ago, when he was in San Jose, Cal. By trade he is a mason plasterer, but sometimes worked as a cook.

309. WILLIAM H. HAMILTON. Formerly of White Lake, County Renfrew, Ontario. Left Calgary late in 1885, and went to British Columbia. Last heard of was in Thres Forks, in April, 1888. Anyone knowing his whereabouts please address Inquiry, Toronto.

310. WILLIAM SMITH, son of Thos. Smith. Came out to Bytown, U. S. A., 57 years ago, from Belfast, Ireland. Was heard from three years ago. Was then very sick. Has a brother deaf and dumb. Address, Inquiry, Toronto.

311. MAGGIE POGSON. Age about 25 years. Was adopted by George and Susan Lewis in April, 1872. Was then living at 23 Main St., West Hamilton, Ont. Last heard from in 1888. Will please write her uncle, Benjamin Pogson, Woodstock, Ont.



TREASURER MASON, SIMCOE CORPS

Treasurer Charles Mason is an old and tried veteran of the Army. Always ready with a smile and a word to cheer and encourage the weak. A father and friend to the Juniors, he is a strength and stay to the officers, he is deservedly loved by all who know him. He now represents his ward in the Town Council, being voted there by a large majority at the beginning of the year.

Official Notice.

SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS IN OR VISITING TORONTO ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO THE NOON MEETINGS (12 to 1) HELD IN THE JUBILEE HALL, ALBERT STREET, TORONTO, ON MONDAYS AND THURSDAYS—Brigadier Margatta.

THE SIEGE

REMEMBER THE VALUE OF UNIFORM.

WEAR IT.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling to the COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the CANADIAN STEAMSHIP LINES, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to STAFF-CAPTAIN SEABOARD, 2, A. Temple, Toronto.

LIFE AND LABORS OF

James Dowdle
COMMISSIONER.

A Biography.

CHAPTER VII.

'Strap Pudding'—The Work at Poplar—The St. Leonard's Music Hall—Saved from the Lary Devil—A Christian Mission Wedding.

DURING James Dowdle's stay in the Poplar District they formed what was called "A Hallelujah Band of Navvies." As may be supposed these men had all drunk deeply of sin, and consequently they embraced joyfully this opportunity of proclaiming the love which had stooped to rescue them. John Allen, "Strap Pudding," "Brandy Clark," "Green-grocer Nobby," and a number of others were announced to sing and give their experience. They attracted great attention as they went from hall to hall, theatre to theatre, publishing the wonderful things God had done for and in them. Crowds flocked to hear the marvelous stories, and many trophies were won from among the vilest and apparently hopeless.

"Strap Pudding"

was a man who had earned his nickname in the following manner. Before he got even he used to chastise or "strap" his wife with his belt. Instead of appealing to the magistrates, as some women would have done, she, being a resourceful woman, took matters into her own hands.



"He soon recognized his property."

One day the good man left the belt at home. Now was his opportunity. To burn it would be childish. He would soon replace it by buying another which might be lovelier.

She made it into a pudding and sent it to him for his dinner. Thinking it was a beautiful pudding, he cut and commenced to eat. He was no stranger to rough meat, but this was unusual—he lifted the crust, peered closely at the brown morsels and

Soon Recognized His Property.

He never thrashed his wife again.

The work at Poplar was not only marvelous on account of the number of conversions, but also for the class of people reached. From the lowest and most abandoned came the brightest jewels, and it was not long before the leaders of the movement recognized the value of this sort of ball for enticing and encouraging others of the same ilk to do as they had done—bring their black hearts and ugly lives to the only one strong enough to change their evil nature and inspire them with pure desires. Through the instrumentality of these saved drunkards, wife-beaters and thieves great

Gaps in the Banks of the Devil

gaps appeared, and there was much joy on earth and in heaven.

From Poplar, James Dowdle was appointed to Shorelitch district. "to be a nest of vice—loose-livers and keepers of houses of ill-fame were specially numerous—but God worked mightily even here."

On one of the first Sundays spent in this district the "Hallelujah Band of Navvies" kept up open-air meetings all day and at night occupied the St. Leonard's Music Hall. The place was crowded and a wave of salvation rolled over the great throng. Seventeen big sinners sought mercy on the stage and before very long rejoiced in a glorious deliverance.

It was very difficult for a people completely unversed in the art of self-control to believe that anyone possessed of such broad shoulders and powerful arms as James Dowdle could possibly at one and the same time, be ruled by a meek and gentle spirit; they judged according to their own standard, and were thus kept in check by the sight of the preacher's stalwart proportions.

On one occasion a young man interrupted a speaker in the open-air. One of the mission band spoke kindly to him, at the same time urging him to seek the salvation of his soul. The young man, for reply, threatened to

Knock the Missioner Down.

James, who had overheard this threat, said, "If there is to be any knocking down it must be in the ring, and must begin with me; but we will first pray."

Before he had time to get upon his knees the man had sneaked away. He had, no doubt, remembered the copy-book maxim, "Discretion is the better part of valor."

In three or four weeks some seventy sinners had sought and found pardon, their names had been registered, and they had also been visited in their homes—the only way rightly to appreciate and

was not lacking in candour, for he replied, "All that is true, but I have a wife and children at home starving." A loaf was given him, and he tucked it into his arm and remained listening quietly. As the meeting proceeded the tears began to roll down his cheeks, and when James took his hand and commenced to pray that God would bless the bread to his body and save his soul, he offered no resistance. When the meeting ended he took home the loaf, washed himself, and returned to the evening meeting and

Got Gloriously Saved from Sin—

lazy-dovill included.

It was during stay at Shorelitch that what Commissioner Dowdle describes as "a great and happy event" came off. This was his marriage with Sarah Ann Stevens, of Providence Hall, Paddington. Mr. Stevens, as we have already seen, had been a veritable spiritual father to James, and this union with his beloved daughter cemented the bond of sympathy and affection which had so long existed between them. Miss Stevens had been cradled in piety, and from her thirteenth year had lived in an atmosphere of good work. She was thus fitted to be a helpful comrade in the great battle for souls to which James had consecrated his life.

The happy pair were married by the General at his own house in Victoria Park, on April 24th, 1893. Thirty-two guests sat down to the wedding feast, and the included nearly all the Evangelists belonging to the mission.

After stirring addresses from the General, beloved thees by the few as he is now by the many—the father of the bride and several others, a very glorious Holy Ghost time followed. That same evening Dowdle preached to a crowded audience in Providence Hall, and God set His approving seal upon the meeting.

Bond together for salvation work.**Mr. and Mrs. Dowdle Chase Shorelitch**

as a suitable spot in which to spend their honeymoon, and the days and weeks flew by in active service, their union being almost immediately sanctified by the salvation of souls. A young woman who had been attending the meetings became very anxious on account of her sins, but could not be persuaded to accept Christ as her Saviour.

Mr. and Mrs. Dowdle invited her to tea in the newly-formed home, hoping to be able to remove her difficulty. After tea they commenced to pray, and after a struggle which lasted for an hour and a half, the girl ventured her all upon Jesus and obtained the victory.

Both bride and bridegroom looked upon this as a good omen for future usefulness and gave God the glory.

(To be Continued.)

Helps for J. S. Workers.**A Roman Officer and His Servant.**

Matt. VIII, 6-12.

Historical.

A CENTURION—a Roman officer in command of one hundred men. Centurio—From Latin centurio, from centum (in hundred). One of several centurions of whom good things are recorded. His building a synagogue was suggestive of his wealth and piety. See Luke vii, 5. "For he loveth our nation, and he hath built us a synagogue." He loved the Jewish nation, and showed himself practical by giving them a free building to worship God in. No doubt he would help in other special efforts. Special efforts on behalf of the poor or the sick. He would not only erect a synagogue or his own expense, but contributed to the maintenance of the worship therein. Evidently his contact with Christ made a great impression upon his mind and heart, as evidenced by his unstinted generosity. He was a Good Gentile.

Character—This Centurio was a Model of Believing Confidence.

He was cordial in affection, and showed unfeigned love and humility, by which his military rank gave way to conscious poverty before the Lord.

Thankfulness.

His outward circumstances and position serving as a testimony to the glory of God.

His Interest in His Servant.

"My servant lieth at home sick." This touched the heart of Jesus, who answered, "I will come and heal him." This statement was a most interesting fact a beautiful character through and through. He told Christ that he was a man under authority, not of authority, as many quote it. He was a man to serve not only his country, but his servant. All true goodness can be found in the spirit of service.

In His Humility.

"Not worthy." (Note.—This was a great thing for a Roman to say to a Jew.) In counting himself unworthy that Christ should enter his doors he was counted worthy for Christ to enter his heart. "Speak the word only." Concluding by his own authority over his own soldiers that Christ, by a more absolute power without His presence, could by His word of command order any disease to march or retreat at His pleasure. Perhaps this same centurion had been a witness to the conversion of the Penitence in the Synagogue, and heard His marvellous command to the evil spirit, "Come out of the man." This, with other miracles under his own observation, encouraged him to say to Jesus,

"Speak the Word Only."

This wonderful manifestation of faith caused Christ to marvel greatly. (Note.—This was the faith of a Gentile, not of an Israelite.) One would naturally look for faith from a people blessed with such teachings and so many sacred writings as these Jews possessed.

What lesson should this be to us? Here our Saviour follows up His theme, and said, "Many shall come from the East and West and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of Heaven." This takes in even the Gentiles, and teaches us a five and full salvation, but the children of unbelief "shall be cast into outer darkness."

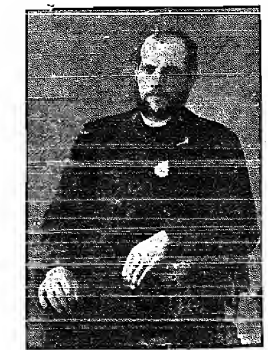
Christ taught and preached the acceptable year of the Lord. He set an example of interest in the welfare of others. The centurion cared for the soul as well as the body of his servant. His high and dignified position as a military officer in the Roman army did not destroy within him the conscious responsibility for the well-being of those by whom he was surrounded. So must we consider what is the effect of our life and character and influence upon the lives and characters of others at work, at play or in the home.

Interest in Others.

Note the interest taken by the centurion in his servant. He not only showed a deep interest in his health, but he cared for his soul. While being a very busy man and faithful to his country's interest, he found time to visit the sick. We are responsible to look after their souls as well as their bodies. Many people hire help to-day, and as long as they do their duty as a servant it is all that is required of them. This is not so. Do your servants believe in your testimony given in the meetings, or have they just cause to discount your word through the lack of interest and duty? Lesson—Faith, Duty, Reward.

Memory Text.

"And his servant was healed in the self-same hour."



J. P. JORDAN, SERGEANT-MAJOR SIMCOE CORPS.

Brother Jordan has been connected with the Simcoe corps ever since he retired from the field some years ago, and has done good service for God and the Army.

Always ready to help, beat the drum, lead a meeting, keep the door, visit the sick, deal with a penitent, or sing a solo—in short, he is an all-round man and a thorough Salvationist.

He is now Sergeant-Major of the corps and also acts as Junior Secretary and Librarian at the company meetings.

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